

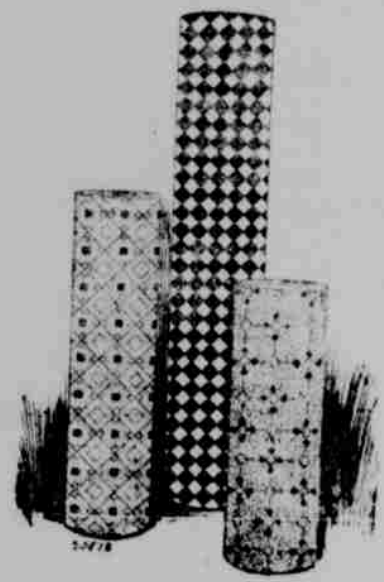
Flint Glass Etched Ware

For your Easter festivities nothing so pleasant to the eye as the beautiful clear sparkle of the shining glass on your table. Very best quality etched ware in all kinds of drinking glasses, water bottles, compots, confection dishes, etc.

Just 200 yards Armstrong Inlaid

Linoleum \$1.10 quality **89c**

This is the best quality and will wear for years. Good patterns suitable for store, bathroom and kitchen. Don't fail to see this before buying linoleum.



It is our pleasant privilege to bid you welcome to our Evening Display of Spring Fashions

and the opening of our new Underpriced basement

Wednesday Evening, April 4

Comes once more that glorious time when all nature responds to the soft caresses of the new season and it is with much gratification that we invite you to view the beautiful specially arranged display in our windows and within the store, that tell graphically of merchandising difficulties surmounted and of splendid preparedness to meet Milda's every need.

Distinctive Spring Suits

Everything about these suits is new and suggestive of the season. When you see how absolutely new and fresh and stylishly correct every garment is, you will agree that we have exercised great care and skill in preparing for this season.

The Newest Coat Modes

In making your selection here you are assured of securing approved style and individuality. We are showing the newest of the new, featuring the most popular novelties. The materials employed are such as will combine utility and wearing qualities with the important dressy effect.

Charming New Dresses

It is seldom indeed that a season brings with it so many charming and winsome modes as are shown here. There are many new and unusually captivating models. The materials are most pronounced in their newness and beauty. Styles were never more beautiful than we now have ready for you.

Dress Goods and Silks for every purpose

Appealing fabrics that lend enthusiasm to the making of Spring attire now offer themselves in pleasing variety. There are ample selections of wool poplin, serbes, broadcloths and many novelty checks and plaids. The silks run to novelties also though the plainer and more staple weaves hold their own.

D. W. ROBINSON

Gage and Hart Hats for Easter

No one type of hat reigns supreme this Spring. There are shapes of all sizes, all of them so "different." Their distinctiveness and beauty is enhanced by a wonderful variety of striking trimmings of every shade. You'll certainly enjoy selecting your hat here when you see these values.

Phoenix and LaFranz Hosiery in all colors

Hosiery of the right shade to harmonize with your apparel of the right texture to give lasting service—these are the three reasons which make our stock so popular. Every size and grade is here.

Henderson Corsets for women who "dress young"

A youthful, graceful figure is assured with these new corset models, designated to serve a correct healthful foundation for Spring, 1917 garments. Bear in mind too, that the success of the corset is largely a matter of correct fitting—a feature which this store maintains to a high degree.



My First Valentine

Having Treasured It, I Came Upon It In Middle Life.

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

I remember the first valentine I ever received. I have good cause to remember it, for it marked an important feature in my life. But this is not the reason for my remembering it. The true cause was the impression made upon me at the time, and that impression has remained with me and will remain with me so long as I live. In childhood one feels keenly little things that would be of trifling importance in maturity. Child loves are evanescent, but while they last they are of paramount importance. And disappointments! I can remember one day when I was a boy that I was to have been taken to a show. I was away from home at the time and delayed going back till it was too late. I looked myself in my room and howled so loud that I could be heard all over the house.

But as to my valentine. I was past the age when children are interested in getting a great number of these missives, but not old enough to discard them. At any rate, I received a valentine and was very much affected by it. The message was, "The bleeding hearts, the attachment, within which was a beautiful Cupid with a bow and a quiver full of arrows, all conspired to thrill me with a delight that I had never felt before. And I look it to a certainty that the little girl who sent it to me loved me as she said she did in the printed verses it contained. And how my imagination pictured her in the flesh! She had mild blue eyes and golden hair that hung in shining waves down her back. I likened her to fairies I had seen in picture books dressed in spangles and holding a rod with a star on one end. There was nothing beautiful that I did not like her to. And to think that this fair being loved me—not only loved me, but had sent this dainty missive to tell me so!

There was nothing in the valentine to indicate who sent it. Indeed, I think if I had known from whom it came it would have destroyed this vision of loveliness I created. Perhaps I was a boy of more than ordinary idealism. I needed a subject for my dreams. Whether it occurred to me to endeavor to discover my valentine I don't now remember. What I do remember is dwelling upon her as no imaginary creature.

Time did not cure me of my love. I grew to manhood, but I treasured my image, though it gradually faded to a fainter form, the whole faded to a beautiful memory.

When I became a man I met a girl

to whom I was drawn, not only on account of her physical attractions, but because she was one of those women possessing that which we call character. There is no other word that expresses what I mean, but what it stands for is a great deal.

Margaret Stanford and I became fast friends. Friendship—platonic friendship—is what I felt for her. There was another girl of my acquaintance who affected me very differently. Indeed, she was a very different girl. She was pliant, being also a bit of a flirt, and had brought her fascinations to bear upon me. I do not mean that she was to be blamed for that. It is a woman's province to flatter men, and there are times with every man, no matter how strong, when he needs to be flattered.

Lucy Tisdale's methods were very innocent. She was lovable, not only from a certain native feminine delicacy there was about her, but she had in her a certain romance. She loved poetry and pictures. The voice in a woman is an important factor, and Lucy Tisdale had a very feminine voice. My friend Margaret's voice was rich. Lucy's was like a child's.

Another difference between the two girls was that when Margaret was displeased she showed her displeasure with a quiet dignity. Lucy, on the contrary, would cast down her eyes and seem rather hurt than offended.

Why I know not, but I sometimes associated Lucy with my imaginary valentine. I suppose it was that she was childlike. My valentine, being a creature of the imagination and perfect, had a great advantage over Lucy, who was a real being in the flesh. But, being now a man, a great deal of the reverence for the opposite sex that I had when a boy had dwindled. Alas, now that I am an old man, though it has not died out, it has greatly changed. A woman is not a creature to be placed under glass and worshipped. She is to be valued in proportion as she fills the position in which Providence has placed her.

Margaret and Lucy did not belong to the same social set and did not know each other. This enabled me to keep them apart and enjoy the companionship of each as I wanted it. I confess that I wanted Lucy's more than Margaret's. After a hard day's work I usually sought Lucy in the evening. Her sprightliness took the tired feeling out of me. When anything troubled me I turned to Margaret. I have given a reason why when tired I wanted Lucy, but I am unable to say why when troubled I wanted Margaret. I can only say that I needed each for what she supplied.

The world is becoming more strenuous every day. Lucy's disposition became more and more a necessity with me as time went on and care increased with me. The day came when I felt it essential to have her with me all the while, and I married her. She was by no means loath to accept me, and I was very happy with her. But I missed that stimulating influence I had drawn from Margaret. When I was simply tired I got from my wife what I wanted, when I wished for some one to consult, to thrash out plans by talking them over, she failed me. She would talk with me about them, but her suggestions did not tend

to put me on the right track or draw me off a wrong one.

On this account I gradually refrained from consulting her about my affairs. Whether or not she noticed the change, she never took me to task for it. I rather fancied that such matters bored her. After my marriage my old friend Margaret became quite chummy with my wife. I think Margaret found in her that which acted as a sedative with me, a faculty for driving dull care away. Margaret was a frequent visitor at our house, and at times when she was with us and I needed some one with whom to thrash out a knotty question I would do so with our guest.

I think that Lucy realized that Margaret was a help to me in this way. At any rate, when she heard us talking over some matter of importance to me she had the good sense to leave us together without interruption. And I doubt if she was ever jealous. Indeed, I had strong proof that she was not as I am about to relate.

Lucy was delicate from a girl. When we had been married ten years a want of vitality set in, and after many trips and a surfeit of medicine I made up my mind that her health could not be restored. From this time on she sank gradually. Shortly before her death she told me that she had not long to live and that there was a matter of importance on which she wished to speak to me. I assented, and she said: "Frank, why did you not marry Margaret Stanford instead of me?"

"Because I loved you and did not love her."

"Why was that?"

"Because—well, because you appealed to me as she did not."

"How?"

"Well, your sentiment fitted in with mine. Margaret is not an especially sentimental woman."

"I'm not so sure of that. You made a mistake, Frank. You should have married Margaret. She would have been a better helpmeet for you than I."

I confess I was astonished to hear my wife tell me this. I was impressed with her nobility in thus putting another woman above herself. I took her in my arms, but gave no verbal expression of my reverence for her.

"When I am gone," she said, "I want you to correct this mistake. I want you to marry Margaret."

"Oh, Lucy!" was all I could say.

"I always believed that you needed a stronger woman than I, both physically and mentally, but I could not give you up. Now that I must give you up you must let me choose a companion for you for what remains of your life."

I told her that I had no reason to suppose that Margaret would marry me.

"She has always loved you," said my wife.

"How, then, is it?" I said astonished.

"That you have permitted me to see so much of her?"

"Because I knew you loved me and that she would never try to take you away from me."

My wife died, and in time I married Margaret. I was but thirty-three years old and had the prospect of as much again of life as I had already lived. Contrary to my expectation, I did not miss the sentiment that I had thought she lacked so much as I expected. As time wore on I found her companion-

ship very satisfying, and from the time of our marriage our joint judgment guided our affairs.

One day Margaret said to me that she had, according to my wishes, been getting rid of a lot of accumulations of letters and papers that pertained to the past and were now only an encumbrance. She had brought down some of these to show me before burning them. Looking them over, I came upon a valentine. As I continued to look at it I became impressed with the fact that it was my first valentine, the one that had affected me so deeply. I had treasured it as a boy, but when I grew older had forgotten it.

"Here is something," I said, showing it to my wife, "that gave me a sensation which can never be repeated. The image I conjured up of the child who sent it to me remained with me when I had outgrown the valentine age."

"What was your imaginary sweetheart like?" asked Margaret.

I smiled and said I did not remember; it had faded twenty years ago.

"Was it anything like me?" she asked, looking at me with a quizzical expression.

"You? Oh, dear, no! It was a child, a fairytale little thing, with blue eyes and golden hair."

"More like Lucy?"

"Come," I said, putting the valentine away. "Let us not bring up the past."

Turning from the valentine to Margaret, I noticed a curious expression on her face.

"Why did you ask that?" I said.

"Because I was the fairytale child who sent it to you."

I stood looking at her in a bewildered condition of mind for some time without speaking. Was she in earnest? Something in her expression told me that she was. I folded her in my arms. There were no words to express my feelings.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT FOR RHEUMATISM

The torture of rheumatism, the pains and aches that make life unendurable are relieved by Sloan's Liniment, a most clear liquid that is easy to apply and more effective than muscle plasters or ointments because it penetrates quickly without rubbing.

For the many pains and aches following exposure, strains, sprains and muscle soreness, Sloan's Liniment is promptly effective. Always have a bottle handy for gout, lumbago, toothache, backache, stiff neck and all external pains. At druggists, 25c.—Adv. 1.

GIRL'S STATEMENT WILL HELP ALMA

Here is the girl's own story: "For years I had dyspepsia, sour stomach and constipation. I drank hot water and olive oil by the gallon. Nothing helped me until I tried buckhorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adher-ka. ONE SPOONFUL helped me INSTANTLY." Because Adher-ka flushes the ENTIRE alimentary tract it relieves ANY CASE of constipation, sour stomach or gas and prevents appendicitis. It has QUICK-EST action of anything we ever sold. Branner's Drug Store.

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and you will not lose. For thirty-three years we have been making flour. The best flour experience and a thorough knowledge of the business can produce. During that time

Lily White

"The Flour The Best Cooks Use."

has developed a wonderful reputation. This reputation will be maintained; our success depends on it. Lily White Flour will give you splendid satisfaction for every requirement of home use—both bread and pastry baking. In fact we believe you will like Lily White Flour better than any flour you ever used. It pays to buy quality, and to bake your bread.

VALLEY CITY MILLING CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Genesta Theatre, Alma

MARY PICKFORD

as a little Scotch Darling of a lass in the latest Arcraft picture

"THE PRIDE OF THE CLAN"

EVEN Mary admits no story ever meant as much. You will say, too, that no picture story ever meant as much to you.

Monday, April 2, 1917

Matinee 3:30, all seats 10c.

Night Show starts at 7:00 P. M., seats 10c, 15c

These prices are made low so that no one need miss this latest Pickford Production.